

The Saturday News

VOL. VII, No. 23.

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, JUNE 8th, 1912

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Jasper's Note Book

Each week makes it more difficult to keep up with life in Edmonton in its wide variety of phases. After following sympathetically the training of a former world's champion pugilist in preparation for a fight which never came off, owing to an attack of frigidity in the other fellow's pedal extremities, and a first class meeting out at the Exhibition grounds, we were called upon to pass through all the excitement of a hotly contested bye-election. Now we have during the past few days no less than three great church gatherings to take up our attention. Who among us can complain that time hangs heavily on his hands?

Seriously speaking, the proceedings of these church conferences have been well worth following. The delegates are representative of very important elements in the population and include many men whose ideas on all kinds of subjects are of value. No one could hear Dr. Carman or Dr. Milligan speak without acknowledging the force and originality and earnestness of their personalities.

The Methodist and Baptist conferences, which are but for Alberta, we have had with us before. But the coming of the Presbyterian General Assembly is another matter. The commissioners have their homes all over the Dominion. The reports of the sessions have as much interest to people in Vancouver and Toronto and Halifax as to those of Edmonton. We are in fact entertaining a national body for the first time in our history and the occasion is accordingly a notable one.

The honor which has been done Rev. Dr. MacQueen in electing him to the moderatorship is one that those among whom he has gone about doing good for over a quarter of a century, appreciate to the full. It is no mere formal honor conferred on the minister in whose church the Assembly is held, as some might think. This is the first time that such a coincidence has occurred. The choice is due wholly to a desire to recognize the great services which Rev. Dr. MacQueen has performed in establishing the cause of Presbyterianism on so firm a basis at this strategic point in a great new land as well as the value of the work which he has done in the general councils of the church. Despite the long distance which he has to travel to the cities where the Assembly is usually held, he has been a constant attendant for many years.

The shockingly large number of motor car accidents that have taken place during the past week make it clear that the pedestrian must have better protection. The chief of police has been unusually vigilant in prosecuting those who exceed the speed limit and when he took the precaution some months ago of placing officers on Jasper at the corners of First and McDougall for the purpose of regulating the traffic, it seemed to many that it had hardly reached such proportions that this was required. No one denies the necessity now. Yet despite all this, there never have been so many peopl run down.

When Ald. May introduced his resolutions at the council meeting on Tuesday night calling for increased restrictions he urged that immediate action be taken as some one else was liable to be killed the next day.

"There's some people might just as well be dead," Ald. Walsh is reported to have replied.

Ald. Walsh's opinion is apparently shared by a certain very numerous class of automobile-drivers, though it is surprising to have it given expression to at the city council board.

It must be remembered, that though this means of getting about is available to a great many more people than would have been thought possible a few years ago, they are after all but a small part of the population and that the rights of the vast majority must be safeguarded.

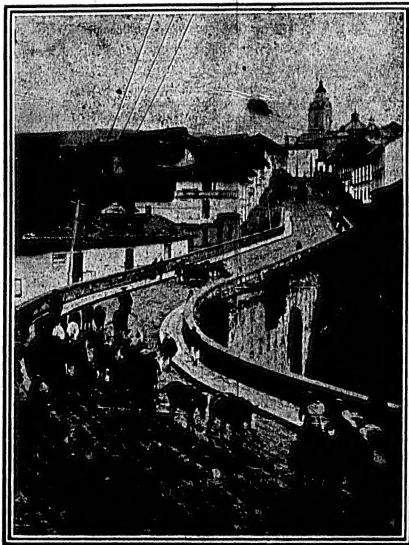
There can be no denying that a shameful disregard of public safety is being shown at all times. Ald. May's proposals may be a little too stringent. It should not be necessary to stop up absolutely at the corners that he mentioned but drivers should do no more than creep around. To go even at a moderately fast pace is inexcusable.

Ald. Lundy suggested that the proper way to proceed was to insist that only fully qualified persons should be allowed to run a car. This is advisable but it is far from sufficient. The fully qualified driver usually takes more desperate chances than the novice.

But after all is said and done, we must not lose sight of the fact that the man on foot has to watch what he is doing on a crowded street. He cannot moon along on Broadway in New York or State street in Chicago without exposing himself to serious risk. It is always a case of "step lively" and as we approach similar conditions here, people will have to accommodate themselves to these.

The Toronto Star Weekly, has a very readable article on the increase in extravagance which recent years have brought in that city. It lays particular stress on the part which the automobile has played in bringing this about.

"For my part," grumbled a professional man, who makes a good income certainly, but is yet far from being a wealthy man, as wealth is understood by millionaires, according to the writer of the article, "I blame the automobile for much of this increased expenditure. I know that, until we bought a car, I was never put to for ready money for anything. But now I seem to have to look to every cent. And I had to get one, or I should never have known a moment's peace at home. The automobile gave the 'climber' something definite to 'climb.' I know many men—and I can guess at more—who, when they think about things over, cannot always be inclined to bless the inventors of those substitutes for the street cars with which plenty of us used to be content. There are lots of men in Toronto engaged on salary



The ancient highway of the Incas, running through the capital of Ecuador, and in the background is the penitentiary, into which an infuriated mob broke on January 28th, in spite of a double guard, and lynched General Eloy Alfaro, ex-President of Ecuador; General Flavio Alfaro, ex-Minister of War and Commander-in-chief of the revolutionary forces; General Medardo Alfaro, brother of the ex-President; General Ulpiano Paz, and General Manuel Serrano. Thus the leading figures in Ecuador's last revolution have been put to death.

Underwood & Underwood, New York.

who own these things. And the most sinister aspect of the whole business is that homes and property are actually pledged for the purpose of these luxuries which are of a character so flimsy and so far from permanent. It is astonishing—if man's folly can ever really be that—that business and professional men in this city, who until yesterday, were content to live modest lives in modest homes, should be encumbering their property for the purpose of keeping up these infernal machines. For, once you have got one of them, life is never the same again! You have to live on an automobile basis. And you find that the car is a luxury which, in addition to its large initial cost, and the expense of its up-keep, increases the living expense of the family in many other ways. Nevertheless, the car is dear to the climber's heart, for it is not only enormously costly, but it is brutally ostentatious."

A member of a very large firm of solicitors in the city thoroughly agreed in this condemnation of the automobile habit, as one of the chief sources of extravagance. "A man in an automobile," he said, "is often inclined to think himself the financial equal of any other man in an automobile, even though the other man has ten times as big an income. The up-keep of the automobile has to be paid for in ready money, but not so other things. My firm acts for one of the largest grocery stores in Toronto, and frequently among the bills sent to us from this store for collection are accounts totaling seven, eight, and nine hundred dollars. And these accounts, many of them, are owing by men who make perhaps four or five thousand a year, who keep a car, have mortgaged their homes, and will soon be on the wrong side of the fence altogether, unless they pull up. I can tell you that, among a certain set in Toronto, anything short of the most lavish ostentation is felt to be almost akin to degradation. Look at the brilliance of the gatherings at the Woodbine. All those birds of fine and variegated plumage were not the wives and daughters of millionaires, but they were dressed to look the part all right. Personally, I think the prevalence of automobiles is creating a lot of ill feeling between the would-be-rich and the wage-earners. The latter see the former jollifying about in their cars, and knowing little how they can afford them, they think there is more wealth here than there really is, and that they are not getting their fair share of it."

There is a whole lot of truth in all this.

There has been very little interest taken in the aldermanic bye-election. Voting is on Friday. This is quite a contrast to that of a year ago when Ald. McKinley resigned over the Bouillon trouble. Apparently the people are pretty well satisfied with the way the city's affairs are being administered, but it is always dangerous to take chances on men being sent to the council who may affect conditions adversely. The citizens will be very foolish if they do not take the trouble to know who they are voting for.

at the same place. Strange to say there were 155 more street cars passed in 1911. But this year showed an increase of 952 private cars, gasoline and electric; of 82 in those used for commercial purposes. There were 250 less carriages and 258 more horse-drawn vans. There were 133 more pedal cycles and 60 more motor cycles.

The visit of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught to the West this summer is being eagerly looked forward to and it is to be sincerely hoped that the illness of the latter, which has developed so suddenly in Montreal will not interfere with the plans. The Governor-general and his wife and daughter have been very popular figures in the East.

One cannot but be impressed with the great change that two generations have brought about in the Royal family's conception of its duty to the public and in general public sentiment, after reading an article that appears in the current number of the Canadian Magazine dealing with the last royal Duke, who sojourned in Canada, the grandfather of the present governor-general, the Duke of Kent. When this son of George III's took up his residence in Quebec and later in Halifax, his table was presided over by a young woman, Madame St. Laurent, who had accompanied him from Gibraltar. She received all the dignitaries of the land and was accepted placidly by everyone from the Archbishops down. Can one imagine such a thing in our day? Is the contrast which the present occupants of Rideau Hall afford not a striking one? Would those ministerial bodies which are wont to protest because the governor-general attends an occasional race meeting not be wise to leave well enough alone?

The plans for the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the Treaty of Ghent are proceeding satisfactorily. It will be a fine opportunity to cement the friendship which has been steadily growing between the two great sections of the English-speaking world. The poem which the present poet-Laureate, Alfred Austin, wrote at the time of the Spanish-American war deserves to be recalled. It is about the only effort that has come near to justifying his selection for the post.

Here are the last four verses:

Answer them, sons of the self-same race

And blood of the self-same clan

Let us speak with each other face to face

And answer as man to man,

And loyally love and trust each other as none but freemen can.

Now fling them out to the breeze,

Thistle and shamrock and rose

And the Star Spangled Banner unfurl with these

A message to friends and foes,

Wherever the sails of peace are seen and wherever the war wind blows.

A message to bond and thrall to wake,

For wherever we come, we twain

The throne of the tyrant shall rock and quake

And his menace be void and vain,

For you are the lords of a strong young land and we are lords of the main.

Yes, this is the voice on the bluff March gale,

"We severed have been too long,

But now we have done with a worn-out tale,

The tale of an ancient wrong,

May our friendship last long as love doth last, and be stronger than death is strong."

Speaking of the great change that has taken place in the Royal family within the past century, the influence of Queen Victoria is, of course, recognized as having been paramount. What she did in bringing about a quickened moral sense can hardly be overestimated. The other day a memorial to her was unveiled in the Rivera where she frequently paid winter visits and the French premier paid a tribute to her in performing the ceremony, which was unique in its freedom from fulsome praise and its clear statement of what it was that endeared her to her own and other peoples.

The salient feature of her life, as M. Poincaré saw it, was her resemblance in her affections, tastes, and aims to most other well-intentioned, excellent wives and mothers in France, and no doubt in England and elsewhere. In the absence of all wish to shine otherwise lay her excellence and the secret of her popularity at Nice.

What greater service could a woman in her exalted station have rendered than to be the exemplar of what was best in the life of the family?

The dismissals from the public service which have occurred since the Borden ministry took office have been taken as a matter of course by the average man. It is a great pity that the civil service cannot be put on a permanent basis but conditions being as they are and many officials undoubtedly having kept up their interest in politics under the late government, a certain number of removals were inevitable.

But the headmen have been going altogether too far of late, either for the good of the public or of the Conservative party. The most unjustifiable dismissal that has yet been made was reported during the past week, that of Mr. George Ulliot, formerly of the Edmonton Dominion Lands office and assistant at Saskatoon. As all who have had any dealing with the various land officers with which he has been connected are well aware, Mr. Ulliot has been the means of bringing them to a state of efficiency which was lacking before he came on the ground. He had a genius for organization work and his departure from the service means a very real loss to it, something that can be said of few other officials. As he was not a strong politician in any sense of the word, the government's action is hard to understand. To remove really good men simply for the purpose of making places for some of its clamorous followers is to lay up a heap of trouble for itself.

380
250
560

AN EPILOGUE OF MODERN LIFE.

A French View of the Disaster.

A new and remarkable view of the disaster to the Titanic is expressed in the Paris Figaro by M. Alfred Capus, the famous French dramatist. The following is a translation:

Who knows that the Titanic disaster will not appear, one day, as the tragic epitome of the whole of contemporary life?

Think of it: what a prodigious summary of our struggles, our pangs, and our passions, in the most modern of settings and at the hour when no man dissembles!

"The day of death is the master day," says Montaigne. "On that day I shall know if I have been sincere and if the words which I have spoken came from the heart."

Even so, the passengers in the Titanic, stoical and distraught, heroes and calliffs alike, have thrown an absolutely true light upon the men and the society of today. Despite the dissipation of our life we shall learn where we stand as regards our sense of honor and duty more clearly from the collision between a Transatlantic liner and an iceberg than from all the books of morals and philosophy. No observer, no poet, however penetrating his vision, will ever give us so true and striking a picture of our time as so pathetic a crisis.

What completes the lesson and expands it to the point of symbolism is the astonishing confusion of religions and races which we find in this unparalleled event. Presbyterians, Catholics, Jews, Anglo-Saxons, Frenchmen, Germans, Italians, Russians—every type of humanity was represented. In the same way every social condition—rich and poor; millionaires, workmen, and artists; power and servitude.

It is impossible to imagine circumstances more favorable to panic and disorder. Had the veriest optimist undertaken to foretell the result of such a tumult at such a moment he would have described his apocalyptic scenes. Whereas, on the contrary, with five or six exceptions, hundreds of men, obeying a magnificent discipline, recognized the necessity of dying in orderly fashion, so mighty is the example of a few commanding personalities over a crowd!

Each at his post and in his corner, they created heroic conditions around them—a Phillips sending the last signals of distress, with half his body submerged in the water; an Astor smilingly accepting the fate which decrees that his young wife shall continue her life alone; while he perishes before her eyes; elsewhere, an old married couple who have included lifelong their common habits the habit of death.

What were the moral influences that made themselves more particularly felt in this tragedy?

We seem to perceive two. The first is the tradition of French and Christian chivalry which, in the Middle Ages, instituted the respect of woman and, in so doing, defined civilization. Thenceforward civilization may become as complex and extensive as it pleases, assuming every aspect, spreading all over the world; it will never shake off that initial feature. There will be no civilized environment save where woman, guided by nature to submission, has become the sovereign realm of sentiment. There will be no barbarism when men allow her to fall from her estate or to invade other realms.

The formula of French chivalry has enforced itself on every race; it has become part and parcel of their morality; it is one of their greater rules of conduct. And it is to the credit of the American nation that that nation has adopted it with its extreme consequences, and practised it with the never-to-be-forgotten strictness which transformed the catastrophe of the Titanic into a glorious episode of its history.

The second influence that played its part is that of a sort of modern stoicism which we are beginning to perceive in certain contemporary characters, mainly among the upper classes and the artists, but also, though naturally more rarely, among the people. The doctrine of the stoics, more or less consciously applied, has never altogether disappeared; it will not disappear entirely until virtue, nobility, and valour disappear with it. In the "History of English Literature" Taine gives the causes of this incessant renewal.

Thanks to the suppression of legends and traditional practices, man's whole thought has become concentrated upon one sole object, that of moral improvement . . . to develop in man a voluntary reformation, self-observation, self-control, habitual



It looks as if a venerable churchman has been sadly maligned in Edmonton.

We all know the story of the sermon on the prodigal son, in honor of whose homecoming the father killed the calf that he had kept for "years and years and years." It ranks second in antiquity to the yarn about Donald Ross telling the traveller, who didn't like the accommodation he gave him, that he had better go on to the next hotel—which was at Portage la Prairie.

I picked up a copy of London Sketch the other day and found this fatted calf incident illustrated there. I remarked to an old-timer friend that it had at last travelled across the water.

"Nonsense," he said, "the bishop never got that off I read that in the English comic papers thirty-five years ago. It's only just making its seven-year reappearance."

Thus are traditions shattered.

The following entitled "Ananias Horticulturist" is taken from an English paper but we all know the individual in question:

His garden's twenty yards by twenty-two, Where little else save clothes-pros ever grew, And yet, to hear him talk, you would suppose 'Twas something far superior to Kew.

The "lawn" of which he boasts in phrases fine Is a small grass-plot barely ten by nine, Whose turf (so called) is mostly plain-est-que, And what's not that is dandelion.

With talk about "my bulbs" your ear he fills, "A picture, sir," Two sick Siberian squills Those bulbs comprise, one pinched ranunculus, And two or three consumptive daffodils.

"My glass," with conscious pride, he'll next proclaim, And all the wonders grown beneath the same; The language Chatsworth's "houses" doth suggest: The fact boils down to merely one cold frame.

"My wall fruit. Splendid show of bloom—great Scot! A record crop if but the summer's hot." Should all the blossom set, it might produce, With luck, two peaches and an apricot.

Let anglers brag as bravely as they list About the whales they nearly hooked, but missed; Still, at their worst, they're Washington's beside Suburbias home-made horticulturist.

Those who have undertaken to entertain social lions of lesser distinction, who absolutely declined to roar, will appreciate a story told in Lewis Melville's "The Thackeray Country."

Thackeray gave a dinner-party, to meet Charlotte Bronte, in June, 1850, and among the guests were the Carlyles, the Proctors, the Brookfields, Mr. Crowe, Miss Elliot and Miss Perry.

"It was a gloomy and silent evening," Lady Ritchie has recorded; "every one waited for the brilliant conversation which never began at all."

"Miss Bronte returned to the sofa in the study, and murmured a low word now and then to our governess. Miss Truelock. The room looked very dark, the lamp began to smoke a little, the conversation grew dimmer and more dim, the ladies sat round still expectant. My father was too much perturbed by the gloom and the silence to be able to cope with it at all. Mrs. Brookfield, who was in the corner in which Miss Bronte was sitting, bent forward with a little commiseration—since brilliance was not to be the order of the evening."

"Do you like London, Miss Bronte?" she asked. Another silence, a pause, then Miss Bronte answered, very gravely:

"Yes—no."

"After Miss Bronte had left, I was surprised to see my father opening the front door, with his hat on. He put his finger to his lips, walked out into the darkness, and shut the door quietly behind him. Overcome by the gloom and constraint, he was running away to his club."

The humorist is always with us. The more distressing the conditions the more the real specimen shines. Who can ever forget that comic paper, the Ladysmith Lyre, that was issued with the Boers cannonading the town? One of the finest bits of humor I have ever come across was the drawing which appeared there of a cricket match between soldiers and citizens. One of the former was batting when a shell came down the crease towards him, scattering players in all directions. "No ball!" was the title given the picture.

That brave and sweet-souled Southern lady, the late Mrs. Roger A. Pryor, used to relate, says the Youth's Companion, many anecdotes of the straits to which she was driven in war time to provide the necessities of life for her family. Prices, in the depreciated Confederate currency, often reached amazing figures. In Petersburg she had to pay a neighbor a dollar a day for the meager dish of vegetables required by a wounded officer in her household; she paid twenty dollars a pound for butter and bacon; fifteen for beef, and fifty for one chicken, or a pair of small shad, ordinarily worth fifteen cents.

Governor Mann of Virginia, who was also in Petersburg during the siege, has recently said that he once paid two hundred and forty dollars for a breakfast. Articles

other than food brought prices quite as extraordinary. Once during the height of the bombardment he came upon a street-corner auction at which the furniture from a partly ruined house was being offered for sale. Among the pieces displayed was an old-fashioned wardrobe, bids for which had reached the sum of nine hundred and ninety-nine dollars.

The auctioneer, receiving no higher bid for the wardrobe, cried, "Nine hundred and ninety-nine—once! Nine hundred and ninety-nine—twice!" and was about to knock down the furniture for that sum when suddenly a Yankee shell crashed down on the old wardrobe and smashed it to smithereens.

"Gone!" yelled the auctioneer. "Gone to General Grant for a thousand dollars!"

"Who can tell me the meaning of leisure?" asked the teacher.

"It's the place where married people repent," replied the boy at the foot of the class.

"Thomas," said the professor to a pupil in the junior class in chemistry, "mention an oxide."

"Leather," replied Thomas.

"What is leather an oxide of?" asked the professor.

"An oxide of beef," answered the bright youngster.

"Where once the Red Man lived and fought, And lustily did yell 'em; Now through the crowded thoroughfares, Salvation Lassies sell 'em."

—Jim True.

"Ma, am I the descendant of a monkey?" asked the little boy.

"I don't know," replied the mother, "I never knew any of your father's folks."

The father, who was listening, went out in the coal-shed and kicked the cat through the roof.

There used to be a police judge in a Kentucky town who liked a toddy before his dinner. In the same town a newcomer started a distillery whose product before long was famous for its fire and its potency.

One day, after court adjourned, the old judge was sipping a toddy at his favorite bar when a friend came in.

"Judge," said his friend, "did you ever try any of the new whisky they're making down the street here?"

"No," said the judge, "but I reckon I've tried everybody that did try it."

"Indians, you know," said the widely-read man, "are very stoical. They're never known to laugh."

"Oh! I don't know," replied the flippant person. "The poet Longfellow made Minnehaha."

The workman was engaged digging. A minister of an inquisitive turn of mind stopped for a moment to look on.

"My man," said he, at length, "what are you digging for?"

"Money," he replied.

"Money!" ejaculated the amazed clergyman. "And when do you expect to strike it?"

"Saturday," replied the workman and resumed operations.

A Memphis character, well known about town as brilliant but boozy, was persistent in his applications for loans and extremely careless about repaying them.

Several years ago this man had induced a local bank to loan him \$40 and had given his note therefor.

At the end of each three months he invariably appeared and asked that the note be renewed and, as there was nothing else to do, the bank always renewed it.

One day he went into the bank and said to the cashier: "I'd like to renew that paper of mine you have here."

"Certainly," replied the cashier; "I'll fix it up for you."

The cashier made the proper preparations for the renewal, and as he was fixing up the paper he said:

"Say, the directors were talking about this paper of yours the other day. They decided they wouldn't charge you interest on it any longer."

"That's very considerate of them," was the reply. "I am glad to hear it. I am under obligations to them."

"No," continued the cashier, "we're not going to charge you interest; we're going to charge you storage!"

—Saturday Evening Post.

THE SLEEPING BALCONY.

Jack and Jill
Sleep out until
Their bed with snow all white is.
Jack's nose
And ears are froze,
And Jill has caught bronchitis.

Shivery divery died!
The family sleep outside.
The crazy struck Dad—
It makes us mad
To have to sleep outside!

Hash-a-by, Baby, out in the storm,
What does it matter if Baby ain't warm?
When this fad's over we'll sleep inside,
And I hope of exposure my babe won't have died!

Little Bo-Peep
Has lost her sleep,
The rising moon it wakes her,
And there she lies
With open eyes
Till early sunshine bakes her.—Harper's Weekly

INSURANCE AGAINST FOREST FIRES IN GERMANY.

A plan of insurance against loss by forest fires has, according to a publication of the International Agricultural Institute, been developed in Germany. For forests of full grown trees of various kinds the premium varies from 5 to 10 per thousand. For forests composed of conifers the premium varies from 12 to 30 per thousand. The insurance premium is increased if there is a line of railway in the neighborhood of the forest.

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A PAIR OF BREECHEES.

Soon after a young man's engage-
ment to a charming young woman,
he became enamored of another.
No. 1 sued for breach of promise.
Soon he fell in love with a third and
No. 2 sued for breach of promise.
On hearing of his troubles a friend
said: "Well, well, now you have two
suits on your hands, haven't you?"
"O, no," was the reply, "only a
pair of breeches."

IN DARKEST PARIS**The Haunts of the Apaches.**

(The bandit-motoutrages in the environs of Paris, the work of a nefarious gang known as Apaches, have excited a painful interest throughout western Europe. The following article is from the pen of a Manchester citizen, who visited the outlying district in which the Apache community conceals itself and was contributed to the Manchester City News.

There were four of us, and one carried a loaded revolver.

It all seemed so needless that beautiful May night, when the air was balmy and slumbrous, and Paris with its myriad glittering lights and magic colors stretched before us. We started down the Champs Elysees, with the deep border of trees on either side. Sound, of music floated to our ears, and the light murmur of melodious chansons. The Jardin de Paris and the Ambassadeurs were oases of radiance in the surrounding dusk. As we came nearer that glorious open space, the Place de la Concorde, with its white statuary showing phantom-like in the glare, we could hear the continuous ripple of laughter, and catch the flash of the white dresses of revelling dancers. Paris was happy, Paris was gay, Paris was luxurious.

Near midnight! A long line of handsome carriages near Maxim's; a scurry of innumerable automobiles along the wide roads leading from the Opera House; an ever-swelling throng outside the cafes, listening to the music, and watching the passers-by as they streamed from that wondrous thoroughfare, the Rue de Madeleine. This was Paris by night, and at its best, the Paris of gaiety and romance, the Paris that abandons itself to light-hearted mirth. Above our heads the sky became a deeper blue, and the stars shook and blazed in clusters. A soft refreshing breeze sprang up and kept us from languor. It was an ideal night.

And yet one of our party carried a revolver, and now and then rested a finger upon it to assure himself that it was there.

Brightness and Gloom.

There is a known Paris, and there is a Paris best unknown. You may wander about the old palaces, visit Napoleon's Tomb, spend a day in the Cathedral and the churches, return again and again to that treasurehouse, the Louvre, and pastime in the shops of the Rue de Rivoli, wander by the river and across the historic bridges, or take exhilarating drives down any of the roads spreading star-like from the Arc de Triomphe—and this is the Paris to know. You will not need a revolver; only a glad heart and a full purse.

But you may step just beyond an undefined frontier and reach another Paris—a Paris with Bohemian allurements at the portals, and with avenues leading straight to infernos of crime. There is no glamour about this region. It is the haunt of outcasts, of reptiles in human form who lurk in the darkness, of utter barbarians made worse and more cunning under their veneer of civilization, of beasts of prey disguised as men and lusting for blood.

This Paris, in spite of warnings, we were resolved to explore, be it ever so slightly; this Paris where civil war rages between the criminals in their dens and the police who hunt them like rats; this Paris which is a jungle for savage creatures, one day ferociously clawing down victims with primitive brutality, and another day with refined skill sending forth a band of murderers in motor-cars. I was told that this obscure quarter has its own king, a despot who issues orders which none of his vassals dare disobey. Whether this be true I cannot say. All I know is that the Apaches, whether under rule or not, are reckless of all life, including their own.

A Montreale's Reminiscences of Atlantic Travel

George Hauge, the Veteran Banker, Writes to Montreal Witness:

Sir,—At a time when a disaster of unparalleled magnitude to an Atlantic steamer has almost occupied the public mind, to the exclusion of other topics, it may not be out of place, for one who has made the passage many times, to relate some instructive experiences in connection therewith.

The first time I crossed the Atlantic was about sixty years ago; on one of the then famous Collins liners. She was named the "Atlantic," and was one of a fleet of four very fine ships—American built and manned; and which, even then, had secured a preeminence for rapid passages, and early delivery of mails. There was no Atlantic cable in those days, and the arrival of a Collins steamer was always looked for with interest in Liverpool and London.

During our voyage, I well remember a discussion on deck, in which the captain took part, as to the fast passages of various steamers of the line. The commander was Captain West, of Philadelphia. He said very little, but one thing he did say made an indelible impression on my memory in consequence of subsequent events. To the surprise of most of us, he said, "I have never had an ambition to make one of these fast passages of our line, so much talked about. If I can bring my ship to port, so much talked about, which it may be observed, was a good average passage at that time, I am satisfied."

Now, as I have said, it was subsequent events which caused that observation to make an indelible impression, for every ship of that line was subsequently lost, excepting that one commanded by Captain West, the line itself being broken up and disappearing from public view. The line consisted of four ships—the "Atlantic," the "Pacific," the "Baltic" and the "Arctic." The first to go was the "Arctic." Of her, little can be said with regard to excessive speed. She was lost in a collision with a much smaller ship, but was apparently pursuing her

The "Pleasure" Gateway.
We began the tour by looking into those weird and morbid resorts which fantastically pass as "pleasure-houses" in this bewildering purlieu. Raucous voices invited us to enter the yawning cavity, luridly illumined, leading to "Le Ciel et L'Enfer," to drink cheap liqueurs (at rascally prices at the wooden table where waiters, garbed as monks, blasphemed; and to watch the imbecile and suggestive lantern-shows on the little stage. There are half a dozen such resorts, not forgetting that one, with its spectral green lights, wherein the exquisite "pleasure" consists of sitting on tombstones and drinking out of goblets shaped like skulls. A merry conceit! Not far away is the notorious "Dead Rat," now beginning to be crowded with the usual flaunting clientele; while the garish and spacious hall of the "Moulin Rouge," after hours of decorous dullness in the day, is beginning to reveal its true character by night. But these with all their wanton wickedness are almost respectable beside the scene which provides its courtesans' Walpurgis Night in a neighbouring hall-room which I will not name. Here are people of all nationalities, soldiers, civilians, and peasants; here the gendarmes, as a precaution, make a ring round the vast apartment; and here, until morning, pandemonium reigns and uncleanness reigns and uncleanness triumphs. There is nothing to equal it in Zola. Fitting preface, this record of dissolute effrontery amid a show of false splendour, to the horrors which lie beyond and form the real history of the locality sprawling outwards in ugliness and gloom.

The Street of Darkness.
We leave the halls, the ballrooms, and the saloons behind, and wend our way cautiously along a narrow sinister street flanked by derelict houses and tumble-down shops. The vicious region shamelessly proclaims itself by staring announcements and open invitations. We are accosted, but not molested, by beggars and stragglers. It is now two in the morning, but there are plenty of slimy creatures in the street, and hawkers are carrying on a pestiferous trade in the gutter. At the corners are knots of men in dirty blue blouses and flat caps; they mutter, and look at us sideways as we pass them. Out of an alley comes a woman with tumbled head and distorted features, and begins to scream madly, aimlessly, and the men slouch towards her. Our armed friend instinctively feels for his revolver. A clamorous, gibbering, gesticulating crowd has collected—a tattered horde of drabs and devils; there are shouts, struggles, pushes, imprecations, and yet it is all utterly meaningless. We lip by, and so plunge once more into gloom and mystery.

An Abyss.
Our journey began in the street, but the street has now become more like a sewer. It reeks with noxious odors, and is strewn with garbage. On each side it is flanked by grim sheds and houses like warrens, most of them in an opaque darkness, though here and there a sickly flame blears like a baleful eye. What ghastly creatures may be lurking in the shadows? What nameless marauders have wriggled into the labyrinths of unlit by-ways? We begin to feel the creepiness of the region with its sweating squalor, its foetid smells, its drink dens and secret "cabarets," its dismal tenements with their cracked and patched windows, their decrepit doorways, and their broken roofs showing dimly in irregular crenellations against the murk. Evil broods over the region, an evil palpable but undefined, an oppressive evil that burdens us with superstitious fears. A figure suddenly emerges from the shadows, and we flinch in panic. We find ourselves scanned closely; not a word is spoken; and again we plunge on. Probably the obscure figure was a protector—one of those unknown heroes of the civic force, silent sentries in a hostile land where death at any moment may come in any guise.

usual course in foggy weather, and with a deficient watch The loss of the "Arctic" caused a great sensation in the United States, as there were many important people aboard of her; amongst others, one of the Brown family, the great bankers and merchants, of Liverpool, New York and London.

The next vessel to be lost was the "Pacific," but of her, a very different story has to be told. By this time the Cunard Company had built a very fine ship called the "Persia," and placed her on the New York route, in direct rivalry to the ships of the Collins line. It so happened that the "Persia" and the "Pacific" were in dock at Liverpool at the same time, and were scheduled to sail at nearly the same hour. I well remember it was said at the time that just before sailing the captain of the "Pacific" swore with a terribly bitter oath, that he would make the "Persia" rue the day when she tried to rival the "Pacific." But, alas, for vain boasts! The "Persia" went on her way, and landed her passengers and mails in safety. The "Pacific" went on her way, too, but she never again was heard of. Not a soul lived to tell the tale.

The next and final loss was that of the "Baltic." She suffered the fate of the "Pacific." After getting well out to sea, she was never heard of again. Only some fragments of boats were afterwards discovered on the routes the steamers take, and they were supposed to belong to the lost steamer.

Meanwhile, the Cunard Company pursued the even tenor of its way, of which I need not speak, for the record of the Cunard Company is known wherever steamships float.

After a time, however, the ships of the Allan Line came into prominence, but the experience of the first

(Continued on Page Seven.)

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INGLEWOOD—

Lots 16 and 17, Blk. 30, for both \$2500
Third, 6 and 12,

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Lot 10, Blk. 41. Price \$400
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Double corner, 71 ft. o. Kin-
naird, Blk. 55. Price \$1000

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Cash, \$1000; terms.

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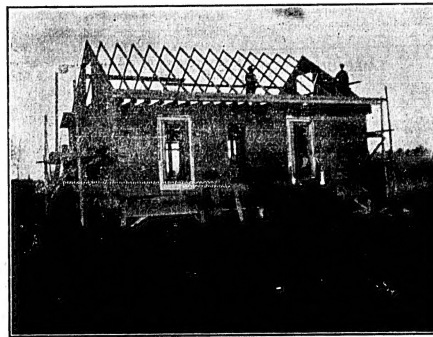
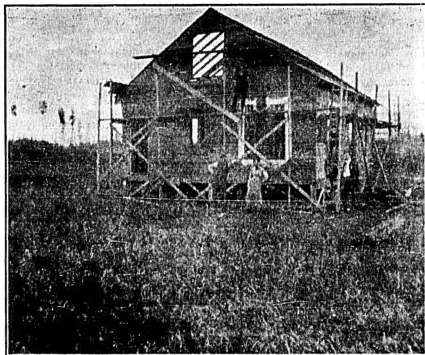
Two Car Lines NOW in operation: The Alberta Avenue line and the City Park line.

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Schools, Churches, Stores, etc.

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Beautiful Homes now in course of construction in Beacon Heights and in this neighborhood.



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IMPROVEMENTS

Thousands now being spent by the owners on improvements, such as clearing, grading, etc.

PRICES

20 per cent. less than adjoining, some of which is sold for \$18 to \$20 per front foot.

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1/4 cash, balance 4, 8, 12 and 16.

FACTS

Certified photographs at our office of Houses now being constructed and work now being done on Beacon Heights.

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THE INVESTOR

The forecast that was given last week of the total building permits for May was a trifle optimistic. They did not equal April's, but reached the very respectable figure of \$11,758,575, which is a 209 per cent increase over the same month last year. The total to June 1 for the year was \$5,143,307, an increase of 262 per cent for the five months over 1911. The customs returns showed 112 per cent increase in May over a year ago, the bank clearings 90 per cent and the post office 39. All of which looks fairly healthy.

Reports are again in circulation that James J. Hill has very large plans for capturing a big share of the transportation of the Canadian prairie west. "He calculates," a Winnipeg paper says, "to gain possession of the carrier traffic eastward to Hudson Bay and the Great Lakes and westward to the Pacific ocean for routing Canadian grain through to Panama canal. His surveys are working in every province of the west and his charts are already secured.

"His associates at Fort William," so the story goes, "have purchased a large section of water frontage, and he is laying his plans to get there from the heart of the prairie. In British Columbia he is building westward under the name of the Victoria, Vancouver and Eastern and has almost pierced the Rockies, whence charters he holds will carry his through the great wheat plateau into Winnipeg. Other charters furnish him an avenue into the Peace River and Fort McMurray country, the very last west, and a direct route to Fort Churchill, on Hudson's Bay."

Peace River and Fort McMurray are names which figure very prominently in most reports of railway building programmes. Mr. J. M. King, who, it is stated, represents strong English connections, has been in Edmonton during the past week and is said to have large railway building schemes in the north in view, a fourth transcontinental line in Hudson's Bay through Fort McMurray to the east being considered.

The first regular train over the Brazen line of the Canadian Northern ran between Warner, south of Stirling, and Rocky Mountain House, a distance of 120 miles, this week.

At the annual meeting in London of the Western Canada Land Company the chairman, Sir Ronald Lane, made his report on the work of the year. Part of his address was as follows:

"Their experimental, and he might say, exhibition farm at Wabunan was being well managed, and they expected to have 250 acres in crop this year. They had pure-bred Clydesdales, Ayrshire cattle, Shropshire sheep, and Berkshire pigs there, and this farm must certainly

advertise the possibilities of the district and thus help the sale of their lands. With regard to the Pembina coal property, the directors had pursued a cautious policy. Reports made by the manager satisfied them that his investigations proved that they had a very thick seam of coal, valuable for household purposes, and the mine was now being equipped with the necessary plant to deal with an output of about 250 to 300 tons per day. The Grand Trunk Pacific Railway passed within a few hundred yards of, and the Canadian Northern Railway absolutely traversed, their Pembina land, which meant the easiest and cheapest transportation for their coal. The value of the land itself above the coal was very great, and must be looked upon as of considerable worth to them. Altogether they might look on their future as very hopeful and full of promise to the company.

Mr. H. J. Logan ex-M.P. of Amherst, N.S. and Mr. R. L. Richardson, ex-M.P., proprietor of the Winnipeg Tribune, were in the city this week on an investment mission. Mr. Logan is representing a strong English financial house.

The commencement of building operations on a large automobile works in Wetaskiwin has caused more of a flutter in real estate in the town than it has known since the branch to the east was built and took away a large part of the town's trade.

A big deal was put through last week when a firm in Wetaskiwin sold to Harry D. Gittins, a wealthy capitalist of Davenport, Iowa, a large tract of farm land, the price being \$20,000. Mr. Gittins, on leaving for home stated that it is his intention to invest \$50,000 more as soon as he returns to Wetaskiwin, which will be soon. He intends to return heading a party of wealthy citizens of Davenport, and he states that the total capital these gentlemen will bring with them will be about \$250,000.

General disappointment is felt at the announcement, made in a press dispatch, that the Quaker Oats people have decided to locate their western plant in Saskatoon.

Calgary was hopeful of securing this plant, and while President Strong of the Industrial and Development bureau, has not yet received confirmation of the report that Saskatoon has been selected, the report would appear to be well founded.

The Saskatchewan city bid high for the prize, offering the company a free site of seventeen acres, exemption from taxation for a period of years and a rate of three quarters of a cent per kilowatt hour for electric power.—Calgary Albertan

The Gillette Safety Razor Company of the United States, proposes to increase its capital twenty times, from \$600,000 to \$12,000,000. The company will be capitalized on its earning power, the entire new capitalization

going to the old shareholders.

It is stated that there are only 51 shareholders in the old company. Most of them have come close to being made millionaires out of the company.

F. W. Heubach returned yesterday from a western trip in company with F. T. Griffin, land commissioner. He says that everywhere over the roads on which he travelled, on the main line to Edmonton and back by the G.T.P., the crops looked well, and every person he met was of the same opinion in regard to the fine prospects throughout the entire west.—Winnipeg Free Press.

A London cable to The Montreal Star says: Hon. W. S. Fielding is Chairman of the Scottish and Dominion Trust, with a capital of \$500,000, of which \$25,000 ten-dollar shares are being offered to the public at par. The Canadian committee are: Messrs. E. B. Greenshields, C. B. Gordon and G. H. Smithers. The British directors are prominent men of Glasgow, Edinburgh and Aberdeen.

A deal will shortly be concluded, it is said, between the Knight Sugar Co., of Raymond, and a firm of Alberta British capitalists, by which the beet sugar plant, the large realty holdings, and live stock will be sold to the latter party, the deal involving an amount in the neighborhood of \$5,000,000, one-third of which sum will be paid at the time of sale. If this is put through, it will go down in history as the biggest real estate deal in the annals of the Canadian west. It will mark the beginning of a new epoch in the life of Raymond and surrounding district. F. C. Lowes & Co., of Lethbridge and Calgary, and B. S. Young have the handling of the property, and details are being eagerly waited by the public. The officials of the company, when approached by a press representative, had nothing to say. They would neither deny or affirm the report.

That the Dominion Meat company has disposed of its local retail business to a local concern and that further negotiations involving the wholesale branch of the business are under way, was admitted to the Herald this morning by General Manager Scarfe. While he would not name the purchasers it is generally stated that P. Burns and company were the buyers. Just what developments regarding the wholesale business are pending are not known but it was rumored this morning that the withdrawal of Nelson Morris, of Chicago, from the local meat industry. The Morris interests acquired the local industry some time ago and operated an abattoir near the north cooler. At that time it was said that the company's intention was to make a strong bid for the packing business of the province.—Calgary Herald.

With regard to outlying subdivisions, so many of which are simply wildcat flotations to catch unwary speculators in distant parts of the country, it would be absurd, in face of the experience of the past few years, to give a general denunciation. Some of the most unlikely subdivisions have blossomed into most profitable, populated districts. But at the same time the public should be warned that most of these high-sounding places are nothing but traps, and that they will not be of any value for

many years to come. The utmost care should be taken in considering them, and the best advice procured. The fact of the matter is that if they were as fine as the advertisers contend, they would be readily saleable locally. In all western cities the legitimate real estate dealers, as well as the civic authorities, are doing all in their power to suppress these infamous sales, for it is clear that they do great damage to any locality.

A final word of advice is not out of place. It has already been mentioned that westerners are great boosters. While they have every justification for their enthusiasm, in some cases the more imaginative of them are inclined to let their fancy run a little beyond the facts of the case. The picture is a little too vivid to be natural. The wise investor, unless he knows with whom he is dealing, will weigh everything he hears about the future prospects of a locality or a subdivision with care, allowing just a little for the super-enthusiasm of the dealer. He will also be wise in taking some precautions about ascertaining the reliability of the real estate man from whom he buys. There are numerous excellent firms in the business, but not a few rascally ones as well.—Vancouver Saturday Sunset.

IN DARKEST PARIS.

(Continued from Page Three.)

We feel our way, rather than see it, along another mile of road. It is filthy, desolate, loathsome.

A fight! A couple of men with knives, a sudden outburst of confusing cries a sickly sound of something beating against flesh—there! It was but a hurricane of elemental passions suddenly loosed, furious in devastation, beyond control. It is subdued now. A mere incident—nothing! One woman only troubles herself to put her head out of the window and make inquiry. By the time two police have appeared—their swords dangling at their sides—the place is clear, men and women have scattered away like huge beetles into the blackness, and been swallowed up. Perhaps, with glaring eyes of menace, they are watching from their noisome lairs, ready to spring again.

The two police bar the way. We are challenged and cannot pass without explanations. The officers are polite, but seem in no sympathy with the exploits of a modern Haroun al Raschid. "It is advisable that messieurs return." Our safety cannot be assured. Incidentally we learn that the Apaches are so disorganizing as to have no respect whatever for the British flag. One of the officers, pardonably carried away by the heat of the discussion, remarks that we are incredibly stupid. In the end, to avoid international complications, we consent to retrace our steps—retreating, of course, with honor.

The Problem.

We have not penetrated the real Apacheland, probably we have only touched the fringe of that Dantean underworld which breeds monsters of anarchy, corruption, and crime. Of their depredations Paris itself knows enough. Seldom does a day pass without evidence of their misdeeds, their desperate strife. The region they infest is known, but their actual haunts are elusive. They appear and disappear with a stealth and suddenness which make them worthy of the Indian name they bear. They waylay, raid, rob, and slaughter. The guillotine checks them, but does not appal. Life is war to

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CAPITAL \$300,000.00

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them and death is nothing. For twenty years the best trained hunters have sought to exterminate them like vermin. And the latest response of the Apaches is—the motor-bandit outrages. But perhaps the end has nearly come.

Back to the Light.

A distant clock is striking five when we reach Clichy, hail a taxi, and make for the Champs Elysees. Paris had shown us her dark exits; now she was throwing open her ivory gateways. We whirled at mad speed along the deserted boulevards, and once more Paris—the real Paris—began to reveal herself bathed in the brightness of early morning under a sky as clear and lucid as pearl. We flashed by the white palaces of the Ambassadors, who may solve vaster problems, but none more difficult than the problem of the Apache. We turn our backs on the wreathed statues of peace and victory, feeling that there were yet foes at hand which France must conquer. Then we sped up the long gentle slope towards the towering Arc de Triomphe, standing forth with symbolic grandeur in the pure and quickening radiance of a new day. The birds fluted their morning carols, and the woody byways exhaled their incense. The whole scene was sanctified in its purity. We drank in the exhilarating air; we yielded to the magic of the spell.

"Was that midnight walk a nightmare?" asked one of our party, when we were drinking coffee half an hour later.

For answer, another drew forth a revolver, laid it on the table, and then gave a sigh of relief.

A DANGER TO CANADA.

Miss Agnes Laut, the well-known writer, says danger to the well-being of Canada is brewing on the Pacific coast.

Miss Laut declares that anarchy is rampant along the Pacific coast from San Diego to Prince Rupert, and that a crisis is rapidly approaching between the forces of anarchy and law and order.

"I am not against labor organizations," said Miss Laut. "On the contrary, I am in sympathy with them. But there are so-called labor organizations at work in British Columbia, and in Washington state and in California, which are nothing more than organized anarchy, the only object of which is to overthrow capital and law and order."

"I have a trunkload of the anarchist literature that is being disseminated up and down the Pacific coast by such powerful organizations as the Industrial Workers of the World and the Federation of Labor," Miss Laut said, "and this literature boldly avows that the destruction of all property rights is the object that is being worked for."

"I can show you posters which state that the aim of these so-called labor organizations is a three-hour day of labor. I pointed out the absurdity of a three-hour day to some of the leaders with whom I talked, and they said their object was to make labor so dear that the capital of the world would be taken away from the present holders and transferred to them—that their sole object was to overthrow capital."

Miss Laut declared that the situation would be keenly felt with the opening of the Panama canal. The south of Europe steamboat companies—namely, the Italian, Portuguese, and Spanish—were getting heavy subsidies to cover any possible toll on the Panama canal

and they intended to grant steerage rates to the Pacific coast, which would be only \$5 higher than the rates to the Atlantic coast. The result would be hundreds of thousands of south of Europe immigrants would be pumped into British Columbia. These men would arrive, many of them absolutely and literally, without a shirt to their backs. Thousands had already arrived in that condition, and the \$25 or \$30 that they were supposed to have in their possession was lent them by an agent and had to be returned when they got on shore. These men, destitute and friendless, were got hold of by the anarchist organizations, and taken to their saloons and places of amusement. Seething with discontent over the evils of the countries from which they had come, these immigrants transplanted their resentment to this continent, where the conditions were utterly different and soon became active adherents in the anarchist cause. The leaders of this movement, Miss Laut said, were men who had been quietly cleared out of Europe after Ferrara was shot in Spain.

THE TRUTH ABOUT TAFT.

(From the New York World.)

We have always admired Mr. Roosevelt for his judicial temperament, his exquisite sense of justice, and his extraordinary self-control, but there are times when his moderation of speech becomes a vice. For example, he made public a statement the other day in which he said: "A vote for Mr. Taft is a vote for the bosses; it is a vote for Lorimer, for Penrose, for Guggenheim, for Galinger and for all the rest."

This is a ridiculous understatement. The undeniable fact is that a vote for Mr. Taft is a vote for the McNamara; it is a vote for Richeson; it is a vote for Sida Allen; it is a vote for Captain Kidd, and for the lady that chopped up Goldenbopper, and for Beattie, and for Ned Lyons, the bank sneak, and for "Blinky" Morgan, who is also dead, and for Paddy the Pig, and for the Black Hand, and for murder, arson, burglary, piracy, embezzlement, grand larceny, treason and a bad corn crop.

Mr. Roosevelt has no moral right to sacrifice the progressive cause by trying to conceal the truth about the president. Duty above friendship.

A STORY OF STEAD.

W. T. Stead, who perished on the Titanic, is universally credited by English journals with having been the prince of English Journalists. One story of Stead is told by Lord Fisher, late head of the British Admiralty. The story has to do with the time when the then Prince of Wales (now King George) returned from his Canadian trip. "I took every precaution on that occasion," said Lord Fisher, "to keep the press at bay, but Stead beat me out in a match in which I had all the cards. He hired a little dinghy, came up to the warship in the twilight, scrambled up the rope ladder—a daring feat for an elderly landsman—got on deck, marched along with his own superb assurance, talked to officers who never dreamed that such an air could belong to an intruder, returned, tumbled down the ladder, and gave his paper the only great story that appeared in the press next day."

HOOKS AND EYES.

He was so very, very wise,
He lost his heart to two fair eyes;
So lustrous and so deep were they,
Full of the sparkling light of day;
He knew such eyes were windows of
The soul, and looking through, saw
Love.

He wed her, and his love still grew—
Affection tender, staunch, and true;
Till came a trial dire and dark
That filled his soul with care and cark.
She went down town
And bought a gown—
One of those fearful things, alack,
That fasten somehow at the back—
And asked him—oh the bitter cup!—
To hook her up!

He fumbled at it for a bit,
He tugged and hauled and pulled at
it;
He tried it this way, tried it that;
He panted like a tiger cat;
Kept at it with a deal of vim,
But still the thing eluded him;
And then he spoke a bitter word,
The kind no lady should have heard,

As with ten thumbs and fingers flew
The maidish task he tried to do.

"Wherefore these words and darning
looks?" cried she,
"I love your eyes, but—oh, your
hooks!" quoth he.
And ever since that oath he swore
She's worn that gown hind-side be-
fore.

Moral.

No rose hath ever yet been born
Without its thorn;
And when in maiden's eyes you look
Be careful lest you get the hook!

I went aboard the steamship big
That plies along the strait,
And thought that I had now escaped
From talk of real estate.

On the upper deck the captain
Was busy as could be
Adding up some figures on
A pad upon his knee.
"Is he laying out the course now?"
I said unto the mate,
"Now, doping out the profit on
A deal in real estate."

At Victoria I met the one

I thought to make my wife—
For I had quite decided that
I'd settle down in life—
Her cheeks were like the roses,
Her hair in pretty curls,
She was the handsomest in all
That town of pretty girls.
As soon as I had greeted her,
I sought to know my fate,
She said, "Don't pester me just now,
I'm selling real estate."

"Alas," I said, "what can I do,
My friends have all gone daft,
They talk of real estate by day
And dream at night of graft.
They make from deals in city lots
And townships great and small";
Unless I, too, got in the game
I saw no chance at all.

To mingle with my fellows, I went
To the murderous sea; and he, being
an Epicurean, blame: men for their
daring:

Audax omnia perit
Gens Humana ruit per velutim nefas
The human race has developed in
daring since then, for man is easily
bored; and progress is his principal
distraction. But Horace's gentle re-
monstrances and the anguish which
his friend's hazardous voyages caused
him have still their echo in our hearts.
And so man's first deeds of daring,
when he stood trembling before Na-
ture, and his last when he defies her.

She was Run Down, had dark circles
under her eyes and her Kidneys
bothered her—Dodd's Kidney Pills
cured her completely.

Upper St. Rose, Gloucester Co., N.
B., June 3. (Special).—"Dodd's Kid-
ney Pills are a grand medicine for
suffering women." In those words
Laura Robichaud, a well known and
highly respected resident of this
place, voices her sentiments in regard
to the grand old Canadian Kidney
Remedy. And, like others who have
borne similar testimony, she speaks
from experience.

"I can recommend Dodd's Kidney
Pills because they cured me," Miss
Robichaud says. "I was in a generally
run-down condition. I had dark cir-
cles under my eyes and my Kidneys
bothered me. Two boxes of Dodd's
Kidney Pills fixed me up."

This statement is made up of few
words, but it describes the exact con-
dition of thousands of women in Can-
ada. They are run-down, have dark
circles under their eyes, and they may
not even know it, but their Kidneys
are bothering them. If they follow
Laura Robichaud's example and use
Dodd's Kidney Pills they will cure
their Kidneys, and good health will
follow naturally.



SPRING TRAINING.

Aggressive Manager: "Here, you! Get out on the coaching lines and teach some of them youngsters the business!"

Star Player: "What? An' spoil me voice for the vaudeville stage? I guess nix!"

—Puck

"YOU'LL SUFFER ALL YOUR LIFE"

That's what the Doctor told him

"Fruit-a-lives Cured Him"

CINCINNATI, OHIO, Jan. 25th 1912
"For over twenty years, I have been troubled with Kidney Disease, and the doctors told me they could do me no good, and that I would be a sufferer for the rest of my life."

I doctored with different medical men and tried many advertised remedies, but none of them suited my case.

Nearly a year ago, I tried "Fruit-a-lives". I have been using this fruit medicine nearly all the time since, and am glad to say that I am cured.

I give "Fruit-a-lives" the credit of doing what the doctors said was impossible.

I am now seventy-six years old, and in first class health.

GEO. W. BARKLEY.
In all the world, there is no other remedy that has cured so many cases of so-called "incurable" kidney disease, as "Fruit-a-lives".

This famous fruit medicine acts directly on the kidneys—helping and strengthening them—and ridding the system of the waste matter that poisons the blood. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

IN THE ATHLETIC WORLD



There is talk of introducing pari-mutuel machines at the Edmonton Exhibition races. The controversy still rages here in Toronto as to whether they are good things or not. To show you how much there is to be learned about the subject take this lesson which I clipped the other day from the Toronto World:

Sporting Editor: In Monday's paper you praise the pari-mutuel system of betting, though deploring the lack of proper facilities. I do not see how an man with a thorough knowledge of sporting affairs can stand up for them when it is plain that the public are being out-percented at every point. In the first place we have to bet against ourselves instead of the "fresh money" (capital) of bookmakers. Then there is the 5 per cent. the association "mills" out of its seven times a day. When the books were on at Woodbine, we had a chance at "rounders," and even "Dutchies." A "bookie" who could book to 5 per cent. every race would consider himself in clover. But the bookies here 5 per cent. isn't all that operates against the public. Winnipeg tickets are paid off on the 10th day of the month. The accountants figure the winner pays 10 per cent. and the bookie is cracked up as paying \$4.40. The association takes 5 per cent. on 20,000 tickets this amounts to \$4,400. The bookies have already deducted 5 per cent. If the bookie gives me these "spliffs" I will guarantee to give him 10 per cent. and pocket a pretty penny for myself. I am going to improve this "fly-trap" system of betting, make a stand for a pay-off on the cent and a government inspector inside. Here's a tip to my friends (?) the "ministers" (of what?): If you want to destroy the racehorse in Canada, advocate pari-mutuels.—Gerald Lowther Bielby, 875 Broadview avenue, Toronto.

This is all so clear that the writer at least must believe there is no room for further argument.

The conduct of the Edmonton Athletic Club, under Mr. Robert McDonald director, in keeping clear of the charge of a fake in connection with the recently projected pugilistic encounter and then paying the public back in full is worthy of all praise. To do so involved heavy loss but it helps the reputation of boxing as a sport immensely.

The Chicago White Sox are still in the lead in the American, but Philadelphia is beginning to make it interesting for them. However the Giants are pulling still further away from the others in the national and their officials and supporters are beginning to make bold predictions.

"We are going to try for a new record in games won this year," says Manager McGraw. That means more than the major league record of 116 victories hung up by the Chicago Cubs in 1906. The Boston Nationals were the first to win more than 100 championship games, when they captured 102 in 1892. They repeated the trick with the same number of wins in 1898. The Brooklynns won 101 in 1899 and the Pittsburghs 103 in 1902. The Giants had 106 victories in 1904 and 105 in 1905. The Cubs, after their record breaking performances in 1906, won 108 in 1907. The Pittsburghs took 110 games in 1909 and the Cubs carried off the honors in 104 games during the campaign of 1910. The Athletics are the only American League champions to surpass the century mark. They won 102 games in 1910 and 101 in 1911. year, when the champion Giants finished the season with 99 victories to their credit. So far the Giants have been triumphant in all but one of their games. If they keep up their present gait, they should have no trouble in exceeding the Cubs' highwater mark.

One of the Giants, and one of the greatest ball-players, the famous Christy Mathewson, has written a lively

book about baseball, called "Pitching in a Pinch." He has some good advice to offer to boys who would like to be successful pitchers, and it is not hard to read in his words a lesson of life as well.

"Some pitchers," says the veteran, "will put all they have on each ball. That is foolish for two reasons. In the first place it exhausts the man physically, and when the pinch comes he hasn't the strength to last it out." The pinch, it may be here interpreted, is what pitchers call the inning that comes in most ball games, on which hangs victory or defeat. And when the pinch comes it is a case of the batter's nerve against the pitcher's.

"But second and more important, it shows the batters everything that he has, which is senseless. A man should always hold something in reserve, a surprise to spring when things get tight. If a man has displayed his whole assortment to the batters in the early part of the game, and has used all his speed and his fastest breaking curve, when the crisis comes he has nothing to fall back on."

"Like all youngsters," continues Mr. Mathewson, reminiscingly, "I was eager to make a record during my first year in the big league, and in one of the first games I pitched against Cincinnati, I made the mistake of putting all that I had on every ball."

"We were playing at the Polo Grounds, and the Giants had the visitors beaten, two to nothing, going into the last inning. I had been burning them over, trying to strike out every batter, and hadn't held anything in reserve. The first man to the bat in the ninth got a single, the next a two-bagger, and by the time they had stopped hitting me we had lost the game, four to two."

"I was very much blown in the mouth over the defeat, after I had the game practically won, and George Davis, then manager of the Giants, noticed it."

"Never mind, Matty," he said, "it was worth it. The game ought to teach you not to pitch your head off when you don't need to."

"It did," concludes Mr. Mathewson. "I have never forgotten that lesson."

Fred Jacob, in Canadian Collier's has an interesting article on the troubles which beset Canadian lacrosse. There are two amateur associations in Ontario which are engaged in a constant squabble. As for the professional game we know more of its condition. Mr. Jacob writes of this as follows:

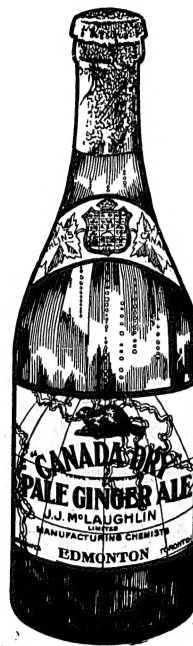
Even more serious has been the salary war between the East and the West. A year ago "Con" Jones of Vancouver took from Ontario enough high-priced stars to defeat New Westminster and secure possession of the Minto Cup. The backers of the team were duly elated, and they demanded a line-up that would hold the silverware regardless of cost. It was announced that "Con" Jones intended to spend money lavishly and that no one could hope to outbid him. The magnates of the Dominion Lacrosse Association found themselves in a difficult position. The new organization was on trial the first year and had to give good lacrosse. Instead of sitting idly by while the best players packed their trunks, it was necessary to bring back those who had already gone to the coast. The men seized their opportunity. There was nothing to prevent them flitting with both sides, and a game of auction began which has been carried to ridiculous lengths. One day it would seem that the Westerners had cornered the pick of the players, and the next morning the Easterners would give their reply in the shape of signed contracts.

The Dominion Lacrosse Association won the battle, but the struggle resulted in a rich harvest for the men. Salaries eclipsed anything that had ever been offered to lacrosse players. "Newey" Lafonde, the most successful professional captain, who has led the Vancouver and the Nationals to championships, was looked upon as worth \$5,000 for the season; "Billy" Fitzgerald of St. Catharines, the spectacular and effective goal getter, is said to have received more than that amount with a trial contract for his brother, and these are not the only high-priced players. It has been calculated that, at the present rates, the men on a good team will receive over \$20,000 for the summer. With only one game a week, can any club afford such salaries? It looks as though the men had overreached themselves, for if professional lacrosse is a financial failure, the players themselves will be the worst sufferers.

The average enthusiast does not worry so much about the men as about the danger to the future of the game. Once more, a properly constituted commission seems the

(Continued on Page Eight.)

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looks fairly healthy.

Reports are again in cir-
culation has very large plans for cap-
ture transportation of the Canadian
lakes," a Winnipeg paper says, "in
carrier traffic eastward to Hud-
son's Bay, and westward to the P-
Canadian grain through to Panama
are working in every province or
are already secured."
"His associates at Fort Wil-
liam, however, have been

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"WHITE ROSE"
Fancy Patent Flour

Handled by all Grocers and Flour
Dealers. Every sack guaranteed.
Campbell & Ottewill

ON SAME TERMS.

A regulation permitting the car-
riage of dogs on street cars on pay-
ment of one nickel fare has come in-
to operation in one of our towns.
"I suppose," said a lady, "if my dog
is to be charged a nickel he will have
the same privileges as other passen-
gers—what is, he may have a seat?"
"Certainly, madam," replied the
conductor. "On the same terms as
other passengers—he will not be al-
lowed to put his feet on the seat."



A \$50,000 TROTTER HORSE.

The Harvester, the famous trotting stallion which has just been purchased by C. K. G. Billings, who is now the possessor of the champion gelding, Uhlan, and the best mare, Lou Dillon.

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Music and Drama

THE CHILDREN'S THEATRE

(By Arthur Stringer.)

(Until recently the New York Educational Alliance maintained in the heart of the East Side a theatre for children, where folk-lore plays and the simpler forms of drama were given.)

Wide-eyed and wishful, with the dream
Still on their faces, with the gleam
Of lost romance still in their gaze,
I used to watch them through the haze
Of falling night. I used to see
The white brows touched with mystery,
The startled faces greet once more
The city's million-throated roar.

With beauty on each wondering brow,
Gladdened at heart they knew not how,
I saw the wide-eyed children greet
The ghostlike dusk, the ghostlike street,
Hearing the ghostlike song of steel,
The far-off roar of rail and wheel,
Still dreaming they might glimpse afar
Some half-assuaging Ingomar,
Or see Snow-White beside a gnome,
Or track the Little Princess home,
Or, turning into Chatham Square,
Find now Orlando waiting there,
Or witches gathering magic herbs
Along the Bowery's granite curb!

Still dazed and hushed, I saw them face
Their city grown a wondrous place,
Since forth with them they brought a gift
That only fairy hands may lift,
A glimpse of far-off kingdoms where
Great deeds are done, the golden air
Of old romance again made new,
The castles where all dreams come true!

I used to watch them creep again
Out to their ghostlike world of pain,
To find at last some beauty in
The dark and undeciphered din
Of life that thundered close about
The casual lives it trampled out.
Aye, child by wishful child they turned
Where dull the yellow street-lamps burned,
And for a breath they caught the gleam,
And for a moment dreamed the dream!

—The Century.

At the first of the week an exceedingly amusing and well acted farce comedy held the boards at the Empire, a W. A. production entitled "Over Night." Tom Emery and Arthur Aylesworth in the respective roles of the flapping bridegroom, with another man's bride on his hands, and the country hotel clerk gave very humorous characterizations. Miss Larrimore was a most attractive little bride and the bride of the other man, the very militant suffragette Georgina, was sufficiently overpowering in the hands of Miss Ada Stirling. All through the company was a first class one and the staging quite in keeping.

For the latter part of the week we have with us one of the great successes of recent years "Bunt Pulls the Strings." At this stage in a play's career it is never delegated to inferior companies and that which came to the Empire this week can be depended upon. In the issue of Collier's Weekly which came this week, the dramatic critic in reviewing the season's attractions, which he does in most candid fashion, says:

"Bunt Pulls the Strings" is one of the year's sound, almost sensational, successes. It is a delicious little genre piece, admirably acted, and it is almost equally to the credit of Scotland that she produced it and of New York that she liked it. But the sensitiveness to things Scottish is a curiously interesting transatlantic quality. Whether it be on account of golf or of whisky, or of just Harry Lauder himself, we like the Scotch dialect better than we do the English, prefer a broadened 'o' to a dropped 'h,' and would never have enjoyed Bunt's—less her—half so much had she lived south of the Tweed.

The excavation work on the new theatre has been completed and it will be hurried to completion as rapidly as possible.

E. H. Sotherton and Julia Marlowe announced last week that after two more seasons they would retire permanently from the stage.

Mr. Sotherton said for Miss Marlowe and himself that it was not their purpose to engage in noisy farewell tours, but they had decided after two more seasons to retire to private life and enjoy that domesticity which a dramatic career with its constant travel does not permit.

It is to be hoped that before they do retire, this splendid pair of artists will be brought to the Canadian West.

At last, it seems that a real musical genius has arisen in England. His name is Cyril Scott, and according to all accounts, his talents are extraordinary.

Zimbalist, the young Russian Violinist, and one of the ablest artists of the day, in a recent interview with a representative of musical America said: "Cyril Scott is one of the most individual of contemporary composers. We are well acquainted and to me his music means much; he is original and is inspired in what he writes. This suite 'Tallahassie' which you have heard me play, I have performed more than forty times in America and my audiences have shown their approval of it in every instance. It is ultra-modern, to be sure, but there is much melody in it take for example the first movement 'Bygone Memories,' with its changing rhythms and shifting harmonies. What a wealth of melodic beauties it contains! Many think Scott is an imitator of Debussy; but in that they are wrong, for he has been writing in this style for a number of years, and it is as natural to him as it is to the French composer. If you will examine their music

carefully you will see that there are marked points of difference apart from their employing secondary harmonies, augmented chords and the like, which we find in much modern music, Scott and Debussy are quite dissimilar."

How would you like it if you knew that some other man was making love to your wife?

This is the question lovely Mary Mannering stirs in the minds of her audience as Domini in "The Garden of Allah," now being played in New York. The story consists of the remarkable love affair of Domini and a former priest, Androvsky. There are two splendid love scenes in the play. The one takes place in the Garden of Allah and the other in the desert.

The most interested man in the audience is usually a tall, well built, dignified man who sits in a box and never lets a move escape his eye or a word his ear. He is infatuated with the lovely Mary, and naturally so, for he is nobody less than her husband, Frederick E. Wadsworth, a millionaire boat builder, of Detroit.

When asked how he likes to see his wife being made love to by another man, he said: "Why, it never occurs to me that it is a love scene with my wife. I look upon it as a love scene between two characters in a play, and I watch only my wife's interpretation of her character. Love-making on the stage has always appealed to me as an impersonal thing. My wife has told me that when she goes on the stage she ceases to be Mary Mannering and becomes Domini Enfield, and Mr. Waller ceases to exist save as Boris Androvsky. I think that real love between two people on the stage would spoil their scenes. They would be too conscious of each other."

"My young son, Horace, was much disturbed when he first saw his mother in the play," said Miss Mannering. "Didn't Mr. Waller kiss you tonight?" he asked. "Why, really I don't know," I answered, "but I think not."

"Well, I am afraid he did," he insisted, shaking his finger earnestly, "and you better look out and not let him," he added parenthetically, looking me square in the eye.

A MONTREALER'S REMINISCENCES OF ATLANTIC TRAVEL

(Continued from Page Three.)

few years was disappointing. More than one of the ships was lost on the Atlantic Coast, and it became a question with the British partners whether the line should be continued or not. It was well understood, at the time, that but for the indomitable courage and perseverance of Sir Hugh Allan, the decision would have been in the negative. Many years ago I had a conversation with Sir Hugh on the subject of the losses of those early years, as contrasted with their complete immunity from them afterwards. "The secret of the whole business," said Sir Hugh, "is just this: We were, at that time, under contract with the British Government to deliver the mails, in a stipulated number of hours from the time we received them; and this, under heavy penalties. All our captains knew of this; and it is impossible that under such circumstances, they should not make the best speed they could; and sometimes take risks, which under other circumstances they would have avoided. But this contract came to an end in time, and when we made a new one we took care not to let ourselves up as formerly. Since then we have never lost a ship," added Sir Hugh emphatically.

The Allan captains have, for many years back, been noted for their caution, and I will give two conspicuous instances of it: I had taken passage in one of the ships in winter time, for Halifax; I forgot her name, but she was commanded by Captain Dutton. As we rounded the Coast of Ireland, it became evident that we were to have a stormy passage; but we little dreamed of what was before us. The weather became simply terrific, and we were actually eighteen days in making Halifax. On one of the last days of the voyage, a few of us were gathered together talking of all that had happened, when one of the passengers, who was a captain in the American Merchant Service, broke in upon the conversation, saying: "I hear you are talking about the length of the voyage, but we may thank Providence that we are here at all. I know the sea, and have been watching how the captain handled the ship from day to day, and I tell you, if he had attempted to make time, and to drive the ship through the tremendous seas we have encountered, we would most certainly have gone to the bottom."

We said no more about the length of the voyage, but were most thankful to God to reach Halifax in safety soon after.

On another occasion I was crossing with my family to Liverpool by one of the boats from Quebec. It was mid-summer, just the time when ice and icebergs came floating down into the Arctic current. After we passed Gaspe and got into the Gulf ice and icebergs were all around us, some of the passengers became rather nervous, for we were evidently in dangerous waters. But those who knew the captain—it was Captain Ritchie—had no anxiety at all, for they saw him at his post on the bridge hour after hour, until we got well out on the Atlantic and left the ice and icebergs behind. It was said by some, who had kept note of the time, that the captain had kept his post on the bridge for sixteen or eighteen hours steadily. But this I do not warrant, for I had not kept count. But I do say that it was talked about amongst us when we had got fairly out to sea. I need not add that we got safely to Liverpool and in fairly good time. This is the last voyage I have to speak of, and I think they all carry the same practical lesson, viz., that constant caution and watchfulness are primary conditions of safety in Atlantic voyages, and that any intimation thereof is likely to be a precursor of disaster.

GEORGE HAGUE.

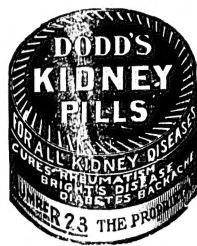
"Is your new maid particular with her work?"

"Yes, indeed. She breaks nothing but the best china."

Mrs. Tawkins—"I had a very interesting conversation this afternoon."

Tawkins—"Indeed. Who was the listener?"

"Has he decided where she will spend the summer?"
"Not yet; up to the present time he hasn't been able to get more than 2,000 railroad and resort pamphlets."



AN EPITOME OF MODERN LIFE.

(Continued from Page Two.)

selfrestraint, and a sort of modern stoicism almost as dignified as that of the ancients.

Modern stoicism: those two words are coupled together only for a narrow mind, if we behold in stoicism but a scornful attitude in the presence of pain and death. But fathom the doctrine to its uttermost depths and you shall discover the principle of action, together with a sublime corrective, which is indifference to result or success. It is action for action's sake and duty's sake. Phillips fulfilling his function as a wireless operator without a glimpse of hope; that other telegraphist, the Frenchman, Baclen, quietly sending the news to Pex that his mates are killed and that he is awaiting his turn—both act according to the pure stoical doctrine, and both act with absolute energy.

And then, when death interrupts the action, if they do not murmur the maxim of Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius it is because they happen not to know them. Colonel Astor knew them, perhaps, those beautiful aphorisms, so human in their irony, which consoling a slave and taught an emperor or humiliate:

"Do not say, 'I have lost my fortune, I have lost my wife.' Say, 'I have restored them to him who gave them to me!'"

The stoic and the apache are the most intense products of modern life, situated at the two opposite poles of action.

For some time the drama of the Titanic will add to our parting from those about to sail something more loving yet and more fraternal. The glorious poetry of danger will mingle with our thoughts of them. True, the gods who preside over catastrophes loathe sequences and delight in taking mankind by surprise, especially when it is confident and asleep. At the present moment we are too much alive to their anger and too distrustful. We may well regard them as pacified; and we have naught to fear so long as we think of the dead.

No matter! Let us take leave of none without emotion. Light-hearted adieux are often a preface to lingering returns.

When Horace saw his friend Virgil embark for Greece he gave him up for lost. He sang that it needs a heart bound in triple brass to confide a ship to the murderous sea; and he, being an Epicurean, blame! men for their daring:

Genus humanum auid omnia perperit
Gens humana turpiter vellem nefas

The human race has developed in daring since then, for man is easily bored; and progress is his principal distraction. But Horace's gentle remonstrances and the anguish which his friend's hazardous voyages caused him have still their echo in our hearts. And so man's first deeds of daring, when he stood trembling before Nature, and his last, when he defies her, arouse in us the same eternal sentiments: terror and pity.

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ATHLETICS.

(Continued from Page 6)

only remedy. It could regulate the transfer of professional players, who would no longer have the clubs at their mercy. Under present conditions, normal salaries will never be paid, and one looks forward with apprehension to the outcome of the war, though there is some comfort in the thought that the instinct of self-preservation will ultimately bring the magnates together.

THE COLONEL.

(The origin of "Bazie" in golf appears to be shrouded in mystery; the following verses are an attempt to solve the problem by one who believes that he met the prototype in the flesh.)

He had recently come from the tropics,
From a land of shikris and Sikhs,
But instead of the usual topics
He dilated on mashes and cleecks;
Red-visaged and spare, you'll depict him,
A warrior pensioned and tame,
Brogue-shod and be-knickered—a victim
Of the "royal and antient game."

No bunker would cause him a flutter,
His approaches were rhythmic and clean,
But he wasn't so sure with his putter
And he always took two on the green;
Though he lacked the resource of a Sayers,
Though his tee shots were straighter than long,
The dozen of average players,
He couldn't do anything wrong.

Now it may have been owing to magic
Or a touch of an Indian sun,
But a game becomes terribly tragic
When you know where the globe will run,
When you know that no fluke can diminish,
No fizzle can ever inflate,
A score that adds up at the finish
Precisely to seventy-eight.

And this habit of eadem semper,
This freedom from stymie or swerve,
Is apt to react on the temper
On an elderly gentleman's nerve,
And he grew so excessively homesome
Concerning his curious play
That he never suggested a foursome
Till the Colonel was out of the way.

But a truce to his fads and his failings,
Let his idiosyncrasies be,
For he lies 't'other side of the palings
Which run by the seventeenth tee,
In a churchyard where visions of gladness,
Those dreams of dimness and rice,
Are dimmed by a shadow of sadness—
(You drop and count two if you slice).

And oft in the hush of the gloaming,
When the greens are denuded of flags,
When the caddies are wearily homing
And the lockers are crowded with bags,
There's a sound as of somebody driving,
Of a weird and unnatural "Fore,"
'Tis the wraith of a Colonel that's striving
To put up a different score.

—London Punch.

In reference to pari-mutuels a very different opinion from that already quoted is expressed by Francis Nelson, the veteran sporting editor of the Toronto Globe, who writes as follows:

"By the old method the bookmaker took your money and mine and the other man's at such a rate as enabled him to pay the successful hacker his winnings and retain for his own work, as go-between, a share as large as he could make it. By the new method a mechanical clearing house collects and divides and pays out to the winner, less a fixed percentage—five per cent. From this five per cent comes the fund that meets the purses and furnishes the chief revenue of the clubs.

"The friendly and sporting atmosphere it gives to the betting had a remarkable demonstration at Woodbine last spring. A mare belonging to a local owner won in company in which she was supposed to be outclassed, and was consequently little supported. The dividend, of course, was a large one, the \$2 tickets paying \$227.30. When the few lucky investors stepped up to the cashier's wicket a great cheer went up from the crowd that gathered in front of the booths. They were the people who had invested on the losing horses, and it was the division of their money that the hackers of Carrillon were collecting. They cheered the holders of the winning tickets just the same. It is not recorded in the history of the turf that any crowd ever cheered the bookmakers who had won for them.

"The pari-mutuel system, under which the money wagered on each race is made up of \$2 and \$5 bets and multiples of these, and all put into a big pool, to be divided among the holders of tickets on the winner, is dependent solely on mechanical means for the recording and announcing of the number of tickets sold.

"Under the machine method the inducement and the opportunity to bet are greatly lessened, the return to winners being an entirely unknown quantity, and the investment of a large sum meaning the actual reduction in the odds. This year's Kentucky Derby was witnessed by some twenty-five thousand spectators, and the total amount bet, ascertainable positively under his system less than \$2 each, was \$15,208. A few years ago on the same race half a dozen men were frequently known to have bet that much. The machine does all the things the best friends of racing could desire."

This is not difficult to understand and sounds decidedly reasonable.

Mr. Robert Davies, a prominent citizen and wealthy breeder of Thoroughbreds, has had a strong stable of thoroughbreds at the North-West race meeting. His winnings there have been extraordinary. Liberty Hall is one of his best colts. He has also an Ogden colt, named Calgary, which he bought from Mr. John E. Madden, that can gallop Liberty Hall to a walk, 'tis said. He is royally bred on

both sides, his forebears carrying the blood of the great horses Isomony and Shotover, horses whose blood will live forever in English thoroughbred history.

Calgary is entered in the English Derby for 1913, and if he runs up to expectations and stands the strain of training, he will be shipped abroad to represent Canada in the historic race. "Charley" Patterson, who is training this star colt, believes him to be one of the best he ever handled, and he has had much experience. Romance surrounds the story of the Grand National winner of 1850, Abd el Kader, a half-bred horse. Mr. Finch Mason's story goes that his owner, Mr. Osborne, journeying from London to Holyhead on his way back to Ireland, finding himself on the Shrewsbury coach, was so taken with the near leader, a good-looking brown mare, that he not only bought her there and then for 50 guineas, but went out of his way to discover her breeder. He hunted her in Ireland, and won some steeplechases with her as well. Eventually she was put to the stud, and, being mated with Ishmael, Abd el Kader was the result.

There haven't been many Derby races in which the event went so completely wrong as in Wednesday's event. Judging by the betting there did not look to be anything but Sweeper 11, and White Star, with whom last year's winner, J. B. Joel, hoped to repeat Sunstar's success. The first named finished seventh and White Star was apparently nowhere. Tagalies win, even if she did start at 100 to 8, was a comparatively easy one.

Particulars are not yet to hand of the victory of the Australians in the first cricket test over the South Africans. They are being awaited with interest as practically all the scoring up to the present has been done by the three seasoned players on the team. Either they must be making a wonderful record or the younger fellows must be showing their mettle. Up to May 20 Macartney had scored 571 runs with an average of 114 and there was a likelihood that he would equal Dr. Grace's feat of scoring a thousand runs in the opening month of the season. The strange part of it is that he was not considered good enough to play against the English team in Australia.

How little was looked for from the Australians is shown by the following from the sporting writer in London Truth:

"I do not for one moment believe that Australia can find efficient substitutes for Trumper, Armstrong, Carter, Coffier, and Clem Hill. Whatever regard I may have for these men as cricketers, I have none for them as sportsmen. Gregory comes over as captain of the side. Will the farce of dubbing these men non-paid players be continued? Will they come out of one gate and our professionals walk out of the other? Gregory had a collection made for him this season because of a century he made. I don't care in the least whether or not a man is paid for his cricket. Whether he is or he is not paid, he may be a good sportsman. But I do object to men pretending not to be professionals when they are. The whole trouble and the strike had cash at the bottom of it."

A better definition of professionals and amateurs is undoubtedly needed in Australia.

Edmonton cricketers are enjoying a visit this week from those fine sportsmen, the players from Pine Lake, who in that isolated little community have kept the old game on a good basis for so many years.

A first class city league game last Saturday between the Callies and Swifts resulted in a draw, 64 all.

Red Deer and Calgary are still fighting it out for the leadership of the Western Canada Baseball League, with the others not so far behind that the last of this week might easily be the first of next.

The London Daily Mail's golf expert has these interesting comparisons to make between men and women players in connection with the recent winning of the woman's championship by Miss Ravenscroft:

"When great events are stirring in golf the leading Scottish newspapers regularly print leading articles upon them, of so very general importance are they considered. I believe that The Daily Mail was the first English daily newspaper to do the same, which it did the other day on the handicapping question. After the ladies' championship I read the usual leader in a Glasgow paper, and it said that it was evident that if Miss Ravenscroft and Miss Cecil Leitch were to enter for the amateur championship and were to maintain their best Turnberry form the result would be disconcerting to those who hold that the scratch men can give the equally competent woman golfer half a stroke or thereabouts. With this I agree. The game of girls who can drive 20 yards, who can win 330-yard holes in three to other girls' fours, who can do nine holes in 37, and so forth, needs to be taken quite seriously. The real importance of the matter is just this, that the best of these girls have arrived a result which is superior to that attained by the average man golfer, and they have reached it by a system and a method which are practised by comparatively few male players. Their golfing principles and styles are quite different. Is there nothing we can copy from them? I think there is.

Now we hear very much about 300-yard drives, which one is half given to understand have become the regular thing with the most modern halls; but we know, as a matter of fact, that the average man does not drive anything like this distance, and that he would give a part of his income to be able to drive as far as some of the very best girls were doing at Turnberry. They achieve their distance not at all by hard hitting, for they hit quite gently, but by long, free swinging, perfect timing, and especially by full following through that is to say, they swing in just the same way as it was necessary for the best men players to swing in the days of the gully hall. They finish their swings with the club head and shaft round their backs and their hands well up; I saw a score of them who made as perfect models of the golf swing as Harry Vardon does in the picture made of him by Mr. George Bellan and in the statuette by Mr. Hal Ludlow. Their style was most excellent and it was a fine thing to see. Necessarily has caused it. These girls have not the strength of arm, wrist, and fingers to get a good length in the same way that men get, or try to get it now; the rubber-cored ball has not made the game so easy for them that they can dispense with an inch of the fullest swing that they can make. They seem to use their wrists hardly at all, and all their movements are as smooth and harmonious as they can be. In this way they drive many yards farther than the average man golfer does.

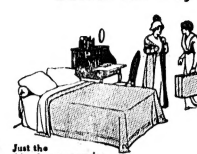
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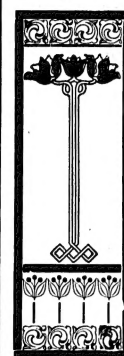


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